PS 3545
.H5185
W4
1920
Copy 1

Weed Blossoms

ELLA MAY WHITE

2413 28 Mar 12

Weeds

* * *

PS3545
.H5185W4
1920

COPYRIGHTED
BY ELLA MAY WHITE
1920

©CLA605573

JAN -3 1921

WEEDS

These are my symbols of a weed,
That grows in any soil, if need;
And flourishes, spreads far and near,
Bearing strange blossoms ev'ry year;
Growing by roadside, wall or brook—
My weeds are blooming in a book.

And if they do seem strange or queer,
Pray, do not lend a listening ear;
But if a pleasant mem'ry's wrought,
Their blossom like the weed, costs naught:
And for the plucking they are thine—
Crude, but blown ere cultured flow'rs, twine.

LIFE

When earth was gay and moon was young,
A great and better impulse sprung:
And with each setting of the sun,
Changing forms of life were begun.
Then great drops of glistening dew,
In motion thrilled the heart anew:
Life scintillated to the view,
Ne'er its quivering dart withdrew.

AGE

With the honors of his age he treads firmly to his grave;

Taking naught that was acquired, but the smile of wisdom brave:

In his eyes perennial youth, with jocund happy way;

He is wrapt in Nature's clothes, to her laws we all submit,

Death requires change of robes, he concedes her method, her wit.

MOTHER

Through ages of enduring strife
She keeps the dignity of life,
For each of the ensuing years
Conserves what's stored in love and fears;
Then she gives these treasures back
Helping to make Nature's track
Open up from myst'rys path;
All her records hist'ry hath.

A TIRED CHILD

Mother, undress your weary child,
From the mortal robe 'tis beguiled.
I have played with the toys of earth,
And know of their beauty and worth.
I am tired of the lessons, dear,
Of all the pleasures that are here.
They tell me that grave pallid death,
Is but God's mysterious breath,
That fans our forms of pithy lace
Away, that we may see His face.

THE SPIRIT THAT KNOWS

There seems a spirit that knows,
In all that exists, that grows;
Something within reaching out,
Strives, others to learn about.

Something that tries to extend,
Withdraws if any offend,
Thus it protects in each form,
The life born into its norm.

This spirit is without sex,
Though by sex its growth elects.
It knows, like one in a tow'r
Gazing— Sees march of the hour .

This spirit feels progress grow,
Supplies us with all we know.
Its ardor we cannot solve,
Though by it, all lives evolve.

FLOWER OF MIND

There's a flow'r more beautiful than the rose,
'Tis the flow'r that Loyalty plants and grows.
It fills purposeful hours of childhood's days,
Adding grace and trust to its youthful ways.
In old age it has scented all the years
With a fragrance that subtly dimmed our cares,
Causing griefs to slip away unawares.
This flower more beautiful than the rose,
Is the Confidence which Loyalty grows.

LOVE WEDDED

A woman! A great big doll, lay on the bed and wept,

Because she said no one loved her or their promise kept!

A man approached the door with a burden on his back,

And heard her sobs and loud borne grief—inquired what was lack.

There she was like a great pretty doll, indulged by all;

Pining, whining, sighing and crying—not rational.

The old man asked what her grief, cause was beyond belief,

She sat erect with wet blue eyes, seemed beyond relief.

He said, "I am Service. Will you rise and go with me

Through the neighborhood, and see what's borne by worthy as thee?"

She went. On a bed of straw in a desolate hut,

(The roof fallen in, window pane out, door wouldn't shut,)

Lay a delicate child, tortured with pain, yet it smiled,

Saw her big blue eyes, forgot its pain and smiled—this child!

On they went to hospital wards where the wounded lay,

(Such suffering throngs endure for other's wrongs, alway!)

Her large blue eyes grew larger with sympathy and fear,

She said, "Service, take my hand!" He did and drew her near!

"Help me to see other throngs, for I am growing weak!"

They went to the infants' ward where helplessness can speak.

Then down on the streets and out on the edge
of the town,

Where poverty went in rags—scarce one in decent
gown.

All worked hard for their daily bread, all had
wan faces,

All were poorly fed and lived in such meager
places.

This great big doll threw herself in Service's arms
—wept,

Prayed, "Hold me to thy breast—I pledge—see
that it is kept,

To give my wealth, my life and energy, in love's
quest!"

Service whispered, "Did you know that Service is
Love's guest?"

* * * * *

They were wed in a fortnight, tho' she was young
and he was old;

Love's always fair and young when Service gives
watchful care, I'm told.

EVERY THING HERE

There is everything here in this bright world,
To make the mind happy that is unfurled
To see only the needs and joys of life,
And abandon the unessential strife.

There's plenty if all could equity see,
And all strived with a balanced energy.
Life would spring to individual call,
And joy would flow from oblivion's wall.

ECONOMIC RELATIONS

Environ's joined with life's instincts, emotions,
Organism to work, each at its devotions;
Denied of self expression there grows unrest,
Knowledge brings realization of truth's best,
And in all life's mechanics each plays a part,
That may lighten or subject, his neighbor's heart.

LIFE OF MIND

Life to the mind I crave
To aid the life Thou gave;
Thou sent it from its cell,
Care for and nourish well.

Chain not to systems of force
Thine own Presence to coerce!
Let me wander free and far—
See the world and things that are!

To make from *all* my choice,
From *them* my claims invoice,
Gives me power and will
Good deeds to then instill.

Thus the mind is fed,
To higher things led,
In choice and choosing
There is no losing.

Feed me not tradition's claims;
Free to follow greater aims
Give me liberty of mind,
Feeding *thus* grows greater kind.

Memories

Cruelty was all mildewed.
I burned lest infection brewed!
Social Lies, that to some seem wise,
I hurled afar, and heard their cries.

For Spite and Fear I looked about,
Cast out, 'long with a little Doubt.
Logic, I needed on my way,
For cautious "deals" another day.

I should have searched for Self-pity,
And old Regret, (that sordid ditty
That plies her song from morn 'till noon,
And never had a pleasant tune.)

These are not all I threw away,
But most of all I found that day.
Some little quibblings that appear,
I may throw out within the year.

JUST AN ATOM

I'm just an atom that's floating about,
Ruled by the forces drawing in and out.
I'm striving a paradise to regain,
Where from the light I have lost, to attain.

How do I know I did not inherit,
From my ancestors the light I merit?
I'm just an atom that's floating about,
And ruled by forces drawing in and out.

We've electric, magnetic action's force,
Some of them may my perfection coerce.
If I inherited gifts from the stars,
I'll surely go back, tho' my spirit wars

With elements here in this dismal swamp,
That turns and capers in a rowdy romp.
Though I'm an atom drawn into a pool,
The exertion I get's in a good school.

I may find heritage left by the stars,
Through the drawing pulling force that jars,
And out of this sweltering pool of pain,
Be spiritually hurled back home again.

WHAT I AM

I am a Fatalist, because my mind has not evolved
To see the forces round me grow, and how they are resolved.
I am subject to their fate,
While Reason's op'ning her gate.

I am a Buddhist, because I like not the care that congests,
I think it best to leave behind, troubles that my mind detests!
To shut the door to worldly strife,
And urge along good things of life.

I am a Christian, because of spiritual gifts,
That diffuse sweet sympathy, which aspiringly drifts
To those who need compassion, love;
Which comes thro' one as from above.

I am an Evolutionist, because I want my mind
To grow wide and expand, and to understand all mankind;
As mind sees truths,—'twill know God's ways—
Compensation, brings bliss of days.

SYMPATHY

Not by my speech may you know my heart,
My tongue's unable to do its part;
I cannot unveil my throbbing breast
Where ages, fires of emotion nest.

I know what your grief, your sorrows were—
What your trembling lips cannot aver
I know how your heart is filled with pain,
And the anguish that burns in your brain.

Sorrow's pain and depths can not be heard,
Silence is greater by far than word;
In deep pangs of anguish, grief and fears,
Fires of emotion burn up the tears.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS

Among clover blossoms, white and pink,
I heard bees humming, and the cow bells tink;
The wind blew softly and bowed the head
Of each clover blossom, white and red.

And I lay there in the fresh sweet air,
Breathed the breath of heaven, free from care;
Sweet clover blossoms, white, pink, and red,
I love meadows, and among you tread.

Gentle dew drips through your fragrant breath,
Makes me feel there must be joy in death;
Sweet clover blossom, white, pink, and red,
I love you, with your curtesying head.

A LESSON IN NATURE

A rose is red because it absorbs
The rays of light from the great sun's orbs,
Except the one that it reflects,
Makes you think it the one it rejects.

If this is true,—I'll leave it to you,
Others may smile and think of it too,—
In absorbing all truth, I am good,
I reflect from others what they would.

ROSE PETALS

Child throwing petals of a rose,
Casting them to the breeze that blows,
Laughing with glee in joyous play,
Clapped his hands as they blew away.

"Rose petals bear my love to thee,
Bear it from every flow'r and tree,
I'm a child, but wild, wild with glee,
I know love's token's born to thee!"

He threw a kiss from his red lips,
Red and fresh as the petal tips,
And its sweet subtle breath was borne
Along with rose leaves to adorn.

I caught the message as it passed
In the breeze that carried it fast;
And held it to my heart, when lo!
With love's treasures it was aglow.

A GREAT MAN

I walked in the shadow of a great mind,
And received the imprint—'twas true and kind;
It gave me comfort, made my vision clear,
I no longer fretted in dread and fear.

He saw the cold, cruel things of the world,
That were without thought or intention hurled!
I have seen him sad, oppressed, dejected,
So tired, since his loved ones he'd rejected.

But then he smiled and in some big kind way,
Let me feel I had a niche in the day,
Never did aught or ever objected
To letting me feel I was protected.

That is the way I think each human felt,
A response to their cry, that within dwelt;
Someone that brightened or lightened their fall,
Sympathy from one who understood all.

I would there were a great compensation,
Lasting as ages, in dispensation
To one whose heart is so gentle, so kind,
And surpassed only by his greater mind.

PURE LOVE

A love so pure and sweet,
That is my bread, my meat;
How can I claim or hold,
When thou art shy or bold.

In visions of alarm
I fear lest thee I harm,
And when thou art awake
I would that you me take.

Scintillant sheen, I know,
Casting reflection's glow,
I catch some color scheme,
To change my former dream.

I would, in all thy moods,
Claim all thy dearest goods,
Wrapt ecstasies of bliss—
Pure love is all of this.

WRECKAGE OF EDEN

I walked in an ancient garden that now in ruins lay;

Chaos was its warden—I wished I had lived ere his day!

I strolled through its beaten pathways, songbirds' notes filled the air,

All else seemed changed from the charm of the former days so fair.

Then I saw white lilies growing out of a filthy pond;

I thought, "Nature's wily. Nowhere else is such beauty found.

She hath need of all of her ooze and her filth and her slime;

From it, she creates vintage and laughs in the face of time!"

TOUCHING ELBOWS

From New York's cosmopolitan shores,
I forged to see the unique Azores,
Then I touched the Rock of Gibralter,
On Africa's coast I did falter,
Then down to old Rome and Pompeii,
I sailed on the blue Venetian Sea,
Thence to Germany and quaint Cologne,
On to gay "Paree" and grave London.

Then on to a bright tropical land,
Where flowers in abundance command
Admiration for continu'l growth—;
Of climate and fruit, I enjoyed both.
I voyaged the Carribbean Sea,
Its waters were beautiful to me;
And from Santiago's balmy shores,
To old Mexico's queer, ancient doors.

Our own states saw I many a day,
Then I sought my long and weary way,
Up the Yukon and far, far beyond,
Where dredgers of gold were sad—despond;
Tales of tragedy and gloom they told,
Of long dismal nights on sanded wold,—

* * * * *

On that undulating northern sea,
I was robbed of the dearest to me.

THE JOURNEY

You ask if the journey's worth taking—I've asked
the question before,

I couldn't ask when I started, I knew not, when I
left the shore.

I have had a lot of fun, more than most folks—
made friends and parted

From treasured days of meeting; we could not
follow when they started

Because of the long journey: for someone
commissioned the turnkey

To lock the still door when we parted—the one
between them and me.

Yes, the journey's worth taking, though I did wear
optimist's glasses

To dim visions of parting and every good thing
that passes.

To feel that I have had a small share in the great
world's soul making,

And I have spun my frail little web—tho' without
much painstaking,

That 'tis woven in with the warp and woof of the
eternal dream,

That forms all the great vast past, and is a real
permanent scheme,

And tho' its mysterious process is always in con-
stant change,

The permanent web is the same—the patterns
change and interchange—

Yes, it is well worth seeing it, I will not regret the
journey,

Though the quiet, grave old turnkey does measure
my pleasures for me.

Folks

MARY JANE DIRE

What was the truth about Mary Jane Dire?
Folks said she had funds to build a bonfire.
Mary Jane came from, "Only God knows
where—"
Chicago, by the way she combed her hair.

Mary Jane was proud, Mary Jane was smart,
And Mary could make others do their part;
In ev'rything she figured, even church,
And Mary had money, though folks did smirch.

What was the truth about Mary Jane Dire?
Some said money came when she used to hire
To a fine, courtly, rich, and well dressed Sire;
Now she's in society we admire.

* * * * *

What *is* the truth about Mary Jane Dire?

ROMANCE OF A WINDY DAY

The wind blew up and it blew a strong blast,
That made ev'rybody walk slow or fast;
It all depended on how they should go.
Against the wind or 'long with it you know.

All the men held on to their Sunday hats,
The women, poor souls, some most lost their rats;
And when they would cross each wet muddy street,
They showed the hosiery above their feet!

The girls looked like half raised gay umbrellas,
And they were all coy, which pleased the fellows,
The harder it blew, the better they knew
They looked—were justified doing it, too.

Then the rain began to patter and pour,
But, sometimes it would slack, and then rain more;
And people would run, jump over the mud!
Pretty soon, ka-splash! Someone fell, ka-thud!

Into a puddle of fresh rain water,
'Twas the country judge's only daughter;
A nice young man blew right in the same place,
When he got up you should have seen his face!

Well, I'll not stop to explain the matter
But the young man wed the judge's daughter;
And they have to thank a wet windy day,
For a life happily wedded in May.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 482 312 3